THE SMOKY HILL AND REPUBLICAN UNION.

"WE JOIN OURSELVES TO NO PARTY THAT DOES NOT CARRY THE FLAG, AND KEEP STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION."

By G. W. Kingsbury. JUNCTION, DAVIS CO., KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1861. Vol. I.—No. 10.

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A HINDOO FABLE—THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant,
(Though all of them were blind,)
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the Eleghant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me!—but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here
So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear,
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

The third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee:
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, "Even the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most—
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong
Though each were partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

MORAL.

So oft in theological wars
The Disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

Popular Reading.

From the Chicago New Covenant.

A CHAPTER OF PIONEER LIFE.

It is very fashionable and popular now-a-days, for every would-be famous person, to write an autobiography. As these things are contageous, I too, am seized with a desire to write of *myself*. Now don't turn up your nose, because I am an obscure, little body, for obscure persons *sometimes* have histories as well as great people, Besides who knows but I, too, may be famous? Well, I was born in the interior of the State of New York; I won't tell you when or where, because, in the first place, future biographers might not have a chance of disputing over my birthplace, and secondly, we *maidens* have a *little reason* of our own for not wishing to puzzle the arithmetical brain of Mrs. Grundy.

Shortly after my adventure into this sublunary sphere, my parents were seized with the fever of emigration, and started out with their little family to find a home in the West. As the railroads that we now see traversing every section of the country enchancing the value of the property, and enriching its people, were chimeras yet hid den in the brains of the capitalist and speculator, they availed themselves of the next most expeditious mode of traveling, which was to take a steamer, by way of the lakes. At that early day, this was not a desirable journey, for the luxuries and elegancies that have since been provided to alleviate the discomforts of steamboat traveling were not then known on these waters. Rumors of the immense agricultural resources of the Western territories, were beginning to attract the attention of those farmers and mechanics who had toiled for years in the sterile districts of New England, and every steamer went out laden, not only with this class, but with broken-down men of fortune, who were too poor, and too proud, to remain longer among their wealthier neighbors. Adventurers there were, too, with their enterprising designs, who were attracted by the novelty and freedom of pioneer life. I remember with what childish fear and wonder, I stepped on board the steamer at Buffalo, which was to convey us to Chicago. It was the *Pennsylvania*, which old *voyagers* will recollect as plying regularly between these two ports. It had been a crack steamer in its day, but at this period, had almost run its race, and was not altogether a very stable craft to trust one's life and fortune upon. However, the old hulk shortly after received an honorable discharge. The trip, which can now be made in a few hours, took us then a fortnight to accomplish. Our passage was rough and tempestuous. The passengers resorted to almost every device to wile away the weary hours. Among other resorts, I remember a little brother of mine, who was very much given to "rattling bones," "patting Juba," and indulging in various terpsichorean antics, would be hoisted upon a box of merchandize, and enticed by a promise of coppers, would dance "Jim Corn" and "Yankee Doodle," for the amusement of the crowd. As sea-sickness added its usual discomforts to the monotony of the passage, I have but a dreamy recollection of this part of our journey. While stopping at Michillimackinac we had a rather terrifying introduction to a roving band of aborigines, who came on board and entertained us with a war dance. The passengers formed a ring around them, and gazed in rapt silence as the painted and bedizened savages leaped, and jumped, gyrated about the deck, squatting in grotesque attitudes, and every now and then sending forth one of their terrific war whoops, while we children clung, affrighted, to our trembling mother. Even baby, opened its little round eyes at the strange scene; and mamma instinctively pressed the little one closer to her bosom, as tales of savage warfare she had read of, floated through her brain.

As we approached Chicago, instead of the convenient wharfs, capacious warehouses, and handsome private residences, that now girt the southern shore, a long, low range of sand hills and scattering houses, marked the foreground. The boat instead of steaming boldly and proudly up to her landing, was compelled to lay off, and discharge freight and passengers by means of a barge, which conveyed to another point in the river. As we passed the fort, and landed on the left bank, I watched with awe the silent sentinel, as he paced with measured tread, and solemn mien, up and down the lawn, which looked green and lovely, on that bright fine morning. Recent traces of the red man were still lingering around its precincts, but the heavy hand of the pale face had been laid upon his domain, and his camp fires were burning low. Already had he turned his face toward the setting sun to seek a hunting ground West of the great Father of Waters.

After defraying the expenses of our journey thus far, my parents monied possessions consisted of the sum of *twenty-five cents*. This was a small capital with which to build up a home among strangers; but they had strong hands, and strong hearts, which are desirable coadjutors in a new country. *Rail*-roads, as I have said, were not then known, neither were roads of any kind. The traveler's only guide were stakes set up at seeing distances. Hiring an ox team and wagon, to convey ourselves and personal effects, we traveled westward. Being early in the season, the prairies or "Chicago bottoms," as they were then called, were flooded with the accumulations from the melting of the snows, and from the spring rains, so that for ten miles, we waded through sloughs of water, hub deep. This "bottom" land remained in this condition until gradually drained by cultivation. In those days there were no necessity for constructing artificial skating ponds, for during the winter months large portions of this "bottom" became a vast plain of ice. And the person that would have dared to predict that in less than twenty years, beautiful gardens, and handsome suburban and country residences, would beautify this low land, would have been deemed a visionary. So tedious and difficult was locomotion, that we had only reached the Desplaines, a river ten miles distant at the close of the first day. An aged grand-parent, who has long since passed away, was then a member of our family, and ill. On starting we had made her a comfortable couch in the wagon, and the children were tucked in at convenient corners. The principal dwelling on the Desplaines river, where we halted for the night, belonged to Judge Smith, an old and well known resident of Chicago, who had given it up for the entertainment of the public, and with his family had removed to this city. In those days the settler frequently found his humble domicil converted into an inn for the nonce, if perchance the traveler found it a suitable resting place. The Desplaines which is now an insignificant stream, was then swollen and turbid, often overflowing its banks for some distance. We crossed several creeks as we journeyed along, which have since by the steady process of cultivation been numbered among the things that were.

It would be tedious to relate here, all the events that were crowded into this trip.—The doctrines of "squatter sovereignty" had not then been discussed, as it has been latterly, but nevertheless, the principle was accepted by the early immigration, so that a man had only to locate on a section of land and assert his claim by "right of preemption," to secure a peaceful recognition of his possessions. It was not unusual for families to camp in their wagons, until a log cabin could be erected; but we were so fortunate as to secure a temporary shelter under the roof of a hospitable settler.—When a house was to be built, every man for miles about. turned to, and lent a helping hand. These "house raisings" became a regular institution of the country, and brought together a jovial crew of hardy pioneers. Selecting a site, our houses was rolled together in the usual manner, It was a simple protection of logs and "shakes" when we moved into it, being guiltless of floor or partition. But in course of time, we had both neatly made of "puncheon." The winter setting in before we could get it "mudded up," we could only "chink" it, and wait patiently for the opening spring. This process was accomplished by inserting into the interstices between the layers of logs, pieces of split timber, closely fitted in and afterwards plastered with a loam mortar, mixed with hay and bristles of the wild hog. This operation had to be occasionally repeated, as the mortar from drying and hardening in the sun, would crack and fall off. The windows were equally as primitive, being composed of oiled fooiscap, pasted on to a rough frame set in an opening cut in the wall. When we were desirous of scrutinizing and approaching visitor, or of admiring the beauty of the landscape, we were forced to go out of doors, unless by chance we found a broken chink in the wall.

You, my readers, who sit in comfortable homes, or tuck yonrselves up in soft beds, in cozily furnished bed-rooms, can have no conception of the rough experiences of a home like tihs. *My* couch was no elaborated carved mahogany, or simple cottage, but hickory saplings, cut the required length, and inserted into holes bored into the logs, which formed one side of the bedstead, supported by posts of the same material on the other, and corded longitudinally with a good strong hempen rope. When we desired a finished piece of cabinet work, the bark was stripped off. When this was not done, a little insect or worm would burrow in it, and in a few years perforate it with holes, and destroy the wood. Chairs and other articles of furniture were manufactured in the same primitive manner, and all accomplished with such tools as the shave and auger. My grant-parent's arm chair made in those days, was for many years retained in the family as an heir-loom and souvenir, of these early times. I have laid "many a night" and watched the moonlight as it glistened through the "chinks," and sent its rays of silver across my bed, quivering and playing on the rough walls beyond. And it did not take the poetry out of me, when I awoke of a winter's morn, and found a mantle of soft flaky snow spread over my woolen coverlid. Later, when the country was laid out in handsome farms, and the soil began to give forth its rich treasures to the toiling immigrant, his Yankee ingenuity converted the small space around, and underneath the bedstead, into convenient bins, to store away the corn and oats. I have sometimes seen three or four of these, in the upper room of a log cabin. One cold winter's night, a certain lengthy M. C., since famous in the annals of Chicago, partook of our hospitality, and it afforded him a good deal of amusement as he climbed across the bin in getting into bed. But I have no doubt he slept as sweetly, surrounded by the rich cereals, as he does now upon the most approved spring mattrass, though for that night his almost fabulous length obliged him to maintain a diagonal position.

But these days passed away and wealth and prosperity rewarded the efforts of the pioneer. Handsome farm houses were reared on the site of the rude log cabin; schools, colleges, and churches sprung up, as the population increased, and in time they begun to court the luxuries and elegances of the East. These came with the demand, and the West bid fair to outstrip her senior sister states, when lo! the tocsin of war was sounded, and our Republic finds itself plunged into the horrors of civil discord. Our prosperity receives a sudden check, and we are called upon to retrench and contribute to the general war fund. If you, my readers, could look back as I can, through the dim shadows of the past, and behold the early immigrant as he sits down to his frugal meal, and note the stern resolve and humble content that sits upon his brow, or trace his course as he toils on day after day, undismayed by privations and hardships, adding each year new beauties to his home, coining golden eagles for his children, and by his efforts converting a wild uncultivated region into flourishing towns and settlements, there would, I am sure, be no more complaints, no more murmurings about hard times. Each and all would step forward, and by the power of a patriotic heart, great means and strong arms would aid in bestowing our beloved country to its former peaceful condition.—Would you know my dear reader, what inspired the heart, and nerved the arm of the Iowa and Kansas regiments, who fought with such heroic courage at Springfield, in one of the fiercest fights the world ever saw, and where the brave General Lyon fell? It was the memory of just such scenes as I have related. Out of the rough and stern experience of pioneer life, has been developed the men who were among the first to volunteer, and will be the last to forsake their country.

Mr. Editor, I have now made my first bow to your readers. If they are interested in these notes from a Western girl's experience, I *may* give them a stray leaf from my after history and observation.

CHICAGO, ILL. LORA MYRRHA.

Political.

NOT LONG, PERHAPS DESPERATE.

General McClellan, in the few words he has had occasion publicly to utter recently, has given an indication of his general policy in the war, and by his modest confidence has confirmed the hopes of the sanguine, and removed the fears of the weak-hearted. In receiving a sword from the City Council of Philadelphia, he spoke to the Committee these crisp, stirring sentences: "The war cannot be long. It may be desperate. I ask in the future forbearance, patience, and confidence. With these we can accomplish all."

He could not declare more emphatically that the grand army of the Union shall not go thus early into winter quarters on the Potomac. He could not promise more positively that he will strike quickly and heavily, as soon as the opportunity is favorable. He could not rebuke more keenly the gloomy predictions of the one class, and the reckless haste of the other. It is clear he does not trust in the policy of wearing out the Rebellion by delay; he perceives there must be fighting. If others have underrated the Rebels, he does not; for he concedes the struggle may be desperate. Occupying a position where, better than any other man, he can estimate the contending forces, he gives the assurance that "the war cannot be long." Nor can the issue be doubtful.

General McClellan's appeal for "forbearance, patience and confidence," has a touch of sadness, and in view of the case of General Fremont, well it may. No commander was ever treated with more partiality than McClelland has thus far been. Rumors began to receive currency that differences were arising were arising between between himself and the Lieutenant-General; whether true or not, they started evils which would have soon expanded to formidable growth. The retirment of General Scott, however, nipped them in the bud. On the part of the Government, the young commander has every support and favor. On the part of the people, he will not lack the "forbearance, patience and confidence," for which he so becomingly asks. Till he is tried, and wearies the country's "patience" by delay, or repels its "confidence" by failure, he will find every moral as well as every material resource at his command. The only return required will be that he shall fulfil his own pledge to "accomplish all," and give us the Republic unbroken, to enjoy a thorough and permant peace.

From the Leavenworth Conservative.

Jim Lane's Speech at Springfield, Missouri.

On the evening of November 7th, General Lane was visited by the Twenty-Fourth Indiana Regiment, and made a short speech the substance of which is given below:

FELLOW SOLDIERS: The compliment you pay me to-night is as unexpected as it is undeserved. I am aware that these demonstrations are not intended so much for me as for the Kansas Brgade. Yet I should be the first to appreciate and acknowledge any honors which may be paid us by Indiana. When I forget Indiana, the place of my birth, may my right hand forget her cunning. Indiana has given me Legislative, Executive, Military, and Congressional honors. She has nursed me as a mother nurses her child, and may my heart grow cold if I ever cease to be grateful to my benefactor.

But the home of my adoption, toils and strife, is Kansas. She was an unbroken prairie when first I set foot upon her soil. Against desperate odds she has fought her way up to the sisterhood of States, and already her little army has become famous throughout the nation for its brave and patriotic deeds.

Indiana as a part of the past is enshrined in my affections; Kansas is my home, and as the living present absorbs my attention, and sways my destiny. I am proud that these two sisters of our glorious Union to-day strike hands with each other on the rebellious soil of Missouri, determined that their blood shall crush out this most causeless and wicked rebellion.

Gentlemen, I shall not conceal the fact that in some respects I differ from my compeers in command as to the manner of conducting the war, and the means best calculated to bring this wretched conflict to a speedy, durable, and honorable close. The point of difference refers, of course, to slavery—the cause of all difference—the Pandora's box from which have issued all our national troubles My creed is to let slavery and slaves take care of themselves. If slavery can survive the shock of war, let it live; but if, between the upper and nether millstones it is ground to powder, it is not for me to gather up the dust.

I do not propose to make war upon slavery, but upon rebels; and in the meantime let slaves and slavery take care of themselves. An oligarchy more cruel and proscriptive than ever before scourged and cursed a nation, ancient or modern, has inaugurated this war—has inaugurated it for slavery. And if we are required to protect, defend or in any way help slavery, then we are required to co-operate with the enemy, to protect and defend him. Can we form an alliance with this barbarous foe, and at the same time conquer them and crush them? When lesser contradictions are reconciled we will think of harmonizing this.

War is at best a terrible calamity. In all the country through which we have marched, the mails are stopped, the schools discontinued, churches are turned into hospitals, and general demoralization prevails. Protract this war, and desolation, moral and material, will mark the track of armies. Justice, humanity, and mercy require that the conflict be ended as speedily as possible.

Astonishing as it may seem to you, soldiers of Indiana, yet it is a fact repeatedly demonstrated that a heavier blow is dealt out to the realm of Secessia in the abduction or freeing of a slave than in the killing of a son in arms. *Abduct from the same family a slave, and kill a son in arms, and the loss of the slave will be regarded as the greater calamity—the wound for which there is no healing balm.* I could bring forward more than a thousand witnesses whose observation and experience have taught them this fact.

If, then, by allowing the slave to fall into the wake of the army and find the priceless boon of liberty, we avoid bloodshed, and strike death-dealing blows upon the front of the rebellion, does not every consideration of justice require that this policy should be adopted?

This war is for slavery. When we make it the mighty engine for the destruction of slavery, the traitors will cry "enough." They will see that, like the fabled Saturn, they are eating their own children, and will make brief the repast. Every guarantee that is given to slavery by the Government is a new army for the defense of Treason.

The Kansas Brigade has met the enemy in battle and routed him in every encounter. We have destroyed that half-town, half-military post, Osceola, but all our victories combined have not brought the rebels so effectually to their knees as the liberation of the few hundred slaves who have followed the track of our army.

Gentlemen, my logic teaches me that we cannot defend and make war upon the same persons at the same time. If it is the purpose of the Government to crush the rebels and to keep their slaves from stampeding, two armies should be sent into the field.

The advance force might be called the Treason-crushing Army, and should be armed with offensive weapons. The other should move about ten miles in the rear and be called the Slavery-restoring Army; it should be clad in a defensive armor of tripple steel, for such is the meanness of spirit which is bred in the hearts of men by slave-breeding, slave-holding, slave-trading, that the masters would creep into every place of ambush and fire upon the men who were gathering up and returning the fugitive property. It would be illegitimate for the Slavery-restoring army to return the fire—the shot might pierce the heart of some of the pets and darling for whom they were generously acting.

Therefore give them the defensive armor, but no offensive weapons. Such an arrangement, novel as it might seem, must be had if slavery is preserved in the rear of an army which moves with a force sufficient to crush this huge rebellion. In my opinion the second army should be as numerous as the first. Preserving Slavery will cost the Government ten times as much as crushing the rebellion. [Voices—"That's so."]

The policy inaugurated by the Kansas Brigade, which I have the honor to command, was not adopted in a moment, but is the result of much experience. In a speech recently made in the City of Leavenworth, my feelings of indignation became wrought up to such a pitch that I was betrayad into the use of language which was justly condemned by the religious sentiment of the country, and which in cooler moments meets my earnest disapproval. But whether excited or calm, whether my language be rough or smooth, principle and duty require that our policy be rigidly adhered to until condemned by the Government; and if it shall be condemned—if the Government demand of the Brigade obedience to the behests of Slavery, I shall consider the question of withdrawing from the field.

As soon as the South became convinced that the nationalization of Slavery was impossible, it cried "Down with the Union, let Slavery lift its crest in air!" And here I solemnly asseverate that if Jim Lane is to be compelled to add a note to such an infernal chorus, he breaks his sword and quits the field.

Let us be bold and inscribe upon our banners—"FREEDOM TO ALL." Let us appear what we are, the opponents of Slavery. It is as certain as if written in the Book of fate that this point must be reached before the war is over. Take this ground and it will inspire soldiers with enthusiasm. In courage and steadiness of purpose each soldier will become a Spartan hero. The spirit of the Crusader will be joined to the iron will of the Roman and our armies will be invincible.

These things to you, Indianians, may appear strange, but when your military education has received that peculiar cast which experience is sure to give you, and which now characterizes the Kansas soldiers, then will we march shoulder to shoulder against the enslavers of men.

Soldiers, we have a commander on whose courage, skill and kindness of the heart we can always rely. Gen. Hunter has a Kansas education; he has suffered with us because of Slavery and he will, I know, endorse the policy I have advocated to-night.

It should be the business of Congress at its next session to pass a law directing the President by Proclamation to order the rebel States, within thirty or sixty days, to lay down their arms and return to their allegiance or, in default thereof, *declare all men free throughout their borders.* And, so far as I am concerned, I hope the Almighty will so direct the hearts of the rebels that, like Pharaoh, they will persist in their crime. For then we will invade them and strike the shackels from every limb.

I believe that provision should be made for settling the Africans in Hayti, Centrat or Southern America, and let each race foom a separate nation. Liberia has served a glorious purpose in teaching the world that this oppressed and downtrodden people are capable of self-government. I look upon Liberia as the full blown hope of the whole of Africa. But it is too many thousand miles away for us to colonize 4,000,000 slaves. But our own Continent has room sufficient with a climate suitable for the accommodation of those who, in the mysteries of Providence, have been thrown among us. The good of both races requires separation. Ages of oppression, injury and wrong, have made the African an inferior being in intellect and social attainments to the Caucasian races, and while together, we shall always have cringing servility on the one hand and lordly domination on the other.

Such a proclamation as I have alluded to might have the effect to liberate the slaves of many loyal citizens. I would most cheerfully give my consent to have them paid for all losses out of the national treasury. Let us dare to do right, trusting to the principle that right makes might, and the great Republic will come out of this struggle stronger than ever.

These are some of the reasons why Freedom to All is the watchword of the Kansas Brigade, and would to God I could publish it throughout the army and the country, aye, throughout the world, that it might be heard by tyrants and traitors the world over.

McCLELLAN AND BEAUREGARD.

Russel, of the London *Times*, draws the following parallel between Beauregard and McClellan:

When I had the pleasure of conversing with Gen. McClellan for the first time he asked me several questions, with evident interest and friendly curiosity—not usual on the part of Generals in reference to their antagonists—respecting Gen. Beauregard. In this case there was all the more reason for such inquiries, in the fact that they were old fellow-students and class-mates. To my mind there is something of resemblance between the men. Both are below the middle height. They are both squarely built, and famed for muscular power since their college days. Beauregard, indeed, is lean and thinribbed; McClellan is full and round, with a Napoleonic tendency to *embonpoint*, subdued by incessant exercise. Beauregard sleeps little; McClellan's temperament requires a full share of rest; both are spare and Spartan in diet, studious, quiet. Beauregard is rather saturnine, and if not melancholic, is of a grim gaiety; McClellan is genial even in his reserve.—The density of the hair, the squareness of the jaw, the firmness and regularity of the teeth, and the outlines of the features are points of similarity in both, which would be more striking if Beauregard were not of the true Louisiana Creole tint, while McClellan is fair complexioned. Beauregard has a dark dull student's eye, the dullness of which arises, however, from its formation, for it is full of fire, and its glances are quick and searching. McClellan has a deep clear eye, into which you can look far and deep, while you feel it searches far and deep into you. Beauregard has something of pretension in his manner—not hauteur, but a folding-arm meditative sort of air, which seems to say, "Don't disturb me, I'm thinking of military movements." McClellan seems to be always at leisure; but you feel at the same time you ought not to intrude too much upon him, even when you seek in vain for the grounds of that impression in anything that he is doing or saying. Beauregard is more subtle, crafter, and astute; McClelland is more comprehensive, more learned, more impressionable. Beauregard is a thorough soldier; McClellan may prove he is a great General. The former only looks to military consequences, and disregards popular manifestations; the latter respects the opinions of the outer world, and sees political as well as military results in what he orders. They are both the creatures of accident, so far as their present positions are concerned. It remains to be seen if either can control the current of events, and if in either the artilleryman or the cavalry officer of the old United States' army there is the staff around which history is moulded, such as that of which the artilleryman of Brienne or the leader of the Ironsides was made.